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"THE ANECHO"





1934 - 1935



PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, VICTORIA, B.C.



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To our readers we say only that they read carefully the advertisements appearing in these pages. They represent the investment of firms who can supply quality goods and services at convenient prices. True appreciation can be shown only by giving these establishments your wholehearted support.

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TO THE FACULTY

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The time is fast approaching for us to leave Normal School—the end of our last year as students, ere we, as men and women, go forth into the professional world. As we now prepare to conclude our work all our past activities at the School seem most vivid. Yet, the human memory is a fallible thing. Not only do historical and mathematical formulas slip all too easily from our minds, but as the years pass by and we are engaged in other pursuits we will forget many of the happy days we spent together. But among those treasured memories that are indelibly imprinted upon our minds, forever remains the thought of those who have inspired and stimulated us throughout our training—the faculty.

To you, who have at all times been our willing guides, our mentors in time of trouble; who have ever remained patiently in readiness to support us, we tender our heartfelt gratitude. As we take this opportunity to thank you we might add that it is our wish that we may live up to the fine principles that have been instilled into us under your tuition.











EDITORIAL

Editor BETTY THOMSON

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Secretary VERA WHITEHOUSE

Art DONALDA WALKER EVA BOLL

E believe that it is expected of the editorial to envision the Editor sitting in a comfortable chair surrounded by numerous manuscripts pondering, yea sadly pondering, upon what has gone before and what is and what is to be. Wondering will the "Anecho" mirror reflect for those looking into it, the activities, events, the accompanying joys or sorrows of

the past year at Normal School.

The editors in compiling the pages of this magazine have endeavoured to fill it with the things that we wish to remember and they sincerely hope that turning over its pages in years to come will recall to everyone, pleasant thoughts of student teaching days in Victoria.

They feel that they must make mention here of the fact that it has been through the untiring efforts of the Business Manager and his associates that the "Anecho" is financially possible. They have been faced with many difficulties but have shown real business ability in securing the necessary funds.

They would like to thank all those who have in any way contributed towards the publication of this magazine; and we wish to thank Mr. Denton and Mr. Freeman for the interest and help they have so willingly given.

* * * * * * * * *

As we have been preparing to go to press the warm April sunshine and the mild Spring breezes have been transforming the Normal School grounds into a glorious array of colour and freshness. In the borders bloom gay flowers of purple and crimson and gold, while the rich green of the lawns extending gradually to the gates blends tastefully with the varied greens of the budding trees. It is indeed a glorious picture of Springtime in Victoria—tempting us—while our final examinations loom ever closer and closer.



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DR. ANDERSON

We Normal students who have attended the school this year will never forget a particular personality who is quite frequently to be seen around the building. She is small, but vigorously active; almost sure to be overlooked in a crowd, but when speaking is never without an audience: an audience all interest and attention. The reference is to Dr. Anderson.

The true value of the acquisition made by the Normal School in securing this dynamic vital person, will become more and more apparent as future teachers are trained in this institution. We feel that as it is unnecessary to extend this eulogy any further, as unnecessary as it would be to try to convince a Normal student of the 1934-1935 vintage that in Dr. Anderson we have found much that is original, much that is valuable to us as teachers, and a great deal that is stimulating intellectually.

To you, then, Dr. Anderson, we the class of 1935 extend a welcome, hoping that future classes will have the opportunity of receiving all that you have given us in the way of advice, helpful and practical hints, and friendly encouragement.

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NIGHT-TIME

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But I love the night when the day has run, When the things are said, and the deeds are done;

And you take your body and wash it clean, Free from the grime that the day has seen;

And you take your mind and make it clear Of darksome thoughts that have come too near;

And you take your soul and lay it bare To God above, who is always fair.

Then hid in the friendly dark of night You find yourself and will to fight.

VERA WHITEHOUSE.





"AND A LITTLE CHILD"

By Noreen Creelman

Prize Short Story of the Victoria Branch, Canadian Authors' Association and Reprinted Here With Their Kind Permission

A desolate young man, shabbily dressed, walked slowly along Dallas Road. The shrieking wind seemed to take a frenzied delight in dashing the waves up over the sea wall and upon the road, letting them swirl about the solitary youth's feet, and in flapping his worn coat about his legs. The skeleton trees were dancing grotesquely, madly, and in the low, oppressive sky a seagull, tossed by the wind, uttered its shrill cry.

Blair Burnett—that was the young man's name—was troubled by such a storm of emotions that he seemed oblivious of the mad tempest. He was one of those unfortunate souls who possess sensitively artistic natures, but who lack the technical ability required to make an artist.

He had been unemployed for almost a year now, and had been obliged to live under conditions against which his delicate nature revolted. He was passionately fond of beauty, and the struggling and the miserable poverty he had known for the past few months had discouraged and embittered him.

He looked at his watch. It was half-past-five. He must hurry home. He walked quickly, heedless of everything but his own distressing thoughts—through Beacon Hill Park, and into the town, where anxious people were hurrying to the comfort of their cosy firesides.

He turned off Government Street into an obscure alley, narrow and poorly lighted. and entered a gloomy old building, which had formerly housed busy offices, but which was now in a miserable state of disuse. The dusty stairs creaked their customary protestations under his tread, as he climbed to the room he shared with Jim Rawlins. Jim also was unemployed, but his was an entirely different nature than Blair's.

Blair opened the door and entered the miserable room. The glare from a single electric light globe, suspended by a dirty cord, revealed the home which was fast becoming a hell to Blair. The plaster had fallen from the ceiling in places, disclosing the bare laths underneath. A rusty iron bedstead occupied one corner of the room, and there was a rickety table in the centre, with two plain wooden chairs placed at it. In another corner Jim was frying bacon on a little stove.

"Well, well, have you been out communing with nature again? Snap out of it, man. You'll drive me cuckoo going about with that long face of yours. Come on, supper's ready."

Blair struggled desperately to conceal his abhorrence of all around him. The room was stuffy, and smelled of bacon. Jim was dirty, unshaven, and he kept up a steady flow of sarcastic remarks about "people who are too good for their friends."

(Continuued on Page 48)







LITERARY SOCIETY



It was on the afternoon of September fourteenth that we students—newly arrived from all parts of the province—met in the auditorium for the purpose of forming the 1934 Literary Society of the Normal School. From that day onward, we ceased to be strangers to one another. Under the unity of our common membership it has since been our pleasure to witness the talent of our fellow students, to listen to many fine lectures and to further our education from active participation in the debates, plays, and varied entertainments that have made up the year's programme.

Following the practice of other years, the first regular meeting of the society was devoted to the election of an executive, those chosen being:

President	Donald Brewster
Vice-President	Donalda Walker
Secretary	JOYCE APPLEGATE

The class representatives chosen were: K. Armstrong, M. Piper and W. Mills.

While it was found advisable on account of the small enrolment of students in the 1934 class to incorporate the activities of Dramatics and Debating and Music under the heading of the General Literary Society, these departments have in no way been forced to curtail their pursuits.

The year's programme prepared and in order, our new executive used the next meeting day for a delightful tea and sing-song at which the students were given an opportunity to become better acquainted over a cup of tea.

Our first October meeting was under the auspices of the Dramatic and Debating Society, who presented two short plays. This month also saw the first of a series of "group" programmes presented by the students. On this occasion an amusing Minstrel Show was staged under Kay Armstrong's leadership.

At Hallowe'en the first Normal dance took place. A charming Hallowe'en play opened the evening's festivities, while later, the dancers masquerading as witches, gypsies, animals and even scarecrows, all added to the success of the affair.



In November the Dramatic and Debating Society once more took charge of our meeting in presenting a debate, "Resolved that Science has contributed more to man's progress than Literature." This was won by the affirmative.

The last month of the year was devoted to a study of contemporary literature and music. On Decmeber 7, Florence Robertson in a paper, "The Life and Works of Noel Coward," showed this writer's work as representative of our times. The following week Mary Somerville presented a paper, "The Appreciation of Contemporary Music," which in a similar way explained the position of music today. Musical numbers and readings by several students served to illustrate these interesting programmes.

To conclude a full and busy season, the 1934 executive on December 21, staged the long-awaited Christmas dance—an affair that fulfilled all our expectations of a fitting climax to the year's hard work.

* * * * *

The first business for the New Year was the election of a new Executive for the Literary Society. After a week of fast and furious campaigning, on January 11, the following officers were elected:

President	BARBARA DANIELS
Vice-President	ELVED DAVIES
Secretary	VERA WHITEHOUSE
Class RepresentativesP	P. KEIR, F. ROBERTSON
	and C. Holland

During the month various committees were appointed and a programme was drawn up for the Spring term. It has been through the efforts of these people that we have had the opportunity of hearing many interesting lectures given by visiting speakers, of seeing and of participating in many amusing as well as instructive meetings.

Early in the year the first of the remaining "group" programmes was staged. Group Three on January 31, under Mary Piper's leadership, presented a Canadian afternoon, each member of the group having prepared something from the pen of a Canadian writer or composer. Group Four's contribution was on a large scale. Having drawn assistance from other groups, Don Brewster worked out a "mock" parliament modelled on an actual session in the British Columbia Legislature. It was exceedingly instructive, being accurate in every detail, while the alacrity and dexterity with which the members not only dealt with but also settled grave social and economic problems provided tremendous amusement to the listeners. The reading of the Budget was indeed masterly, while the behaviour of the Opposition fulfilled all our wishes as to general stubbornness and contrariness.

Our February meetings were of a more or less "light" nature. St. Valentine's was the occasion of our first Spring Dance, which was held on February 15. The same week the members of Class "C" undertook to entertain with an "all men's" meeting. Great secrecy surrounded all plans for this event and it may be truly said that not a girl in the school managed to extract a single detail

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of this programme from any of the cast until its presentation. The meeting was a humorous portrayal of a day in the radio broadcasting station P.N.S. The sequence was written by David Harper, who also acted as announcer. Everyone from "C" Class took part and every radio feature—exercises, Children's Hour, Advice to the Lovelorn, and so on—was included, even to an "amateur hour" which convulsed the already hilarious audience.

Mr. Simons gave a most entertaining lecture on "The Tower of London" at our first March meeting, while the next week Mr. Harper from the Astrophysical Observatory at Saanich gave a very fine illustrated talk on "The Solar System."

This term's programme was interrupted considerably by frequent teaching weeks, and it is to the credit of those students concerned that they put so much care and time into the preparation of our meetings. Vera Whitehouse, with the assistance of several students, prepared for March 29 a series of Book Reviews, all of which were so attractively presented as to tempt us to take more time to pursue our outside reading further than time really permits.

The Dramatic and Debating Society was far from inactive this term and two vigorous debates ensued. A high standard has been adhered to throughout and the actual experience along with the constructive critical remarks that are always given by the judges when they are giving their decision have proved invaluable to us.

Our year is now fast drawing to a close and we have just one more "Lit" meeting to look forward to, our Spring Play on May 10, and the final banquet and dance at the beginning of June. It is hard to think that a year has passed since that afternoon in September of last year when we assembled for the first time as a united student body. In a month's time we shall once more be at the parting of the ways and shall be saying farewell to these companions of our year at Normal School.

Mr. Gough: "What is Modernism?"

Margaret Griffiths: "Being ashamed of the dining room suite that went out of style ten years ago; and being proud of the bed that went out of style a hundred years ago."

Mr. Denton: "When did the revival of learning take place?"

Bill Muncy: "Just before the exam."

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Who says: "It is a merciful dispensation of providence."
Who says: "One may readily see."
Who says: "In the final analysis, you must memorize."
Who says: "Now people,—"

Possibly the words: "All work and no play makes Jack" is not a sentence, Mr. Campbell, but we think nevertheless it is a very good idea.

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DRAMATIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY

HE ambitions of this year's Society seemed doomed to the misfortunes that beset the "best-laid plans of mice and men." Although much of value was accomplished, many activities that had been planned went awry as the result of the maze of obstacles that seemed to beset us. Considerable talent was unearthed, however, and we have a number of achievements to look back on.

The Society's first presentation took the form of a dramatic afternoon before the assembly of the Literary Society in October. This, our first bow, was well received, as was deserved. Messrs. Dodd and Mills enacted "The Thing," a mystery, directed by Noreen Creelman. On the same programme, followed "The Rehearsal," a vivacious comedy directed by Rhoda Walton, and cleverly handled by about ten students who entered fully into the humorous spirit of the production.

Our first debate took place in November. The topic, "Resolved that Science has contributed more to man's progress than has Literature," was hotly contested. with Noreen Creelman and Glenn York being awarded the decision over Ena McHallam and Tom Curteis.

When the Spring term opened, the Society, with a new executive, organized a series of inter-class debates. The first topic chosen—an economic problem, "Resolved that Woman has the right to equality with Man in the business, commercial and professional world"—developed into a battle of the sexes, with Class "A," represented by Pat Keir and Joyce Applegate, fighting for woman's recognition, and with David Harper and Jack Chatfield defying the challenge to man's hereditary position. While the judges were forming their decision, the argument was laid before the student body for discussion, with an extremely interesting argument and cross-examination of the speakers ensuing. The meeting was climaxed by Mr. Campbell's excellent review of some of the technicalities of the debate, and of the problem under discussion, whose significance he outlined. The judges' decision in favour of the affirmative proved to be a bitter pill for many of the more vehement of the male contestants in the student body.

With the "A" Class having survived this first debate, they later accepted the challenge of "B" Class to argue on "The Status of the Oriental in British Columbia." Here again, the representatives of "A" upheld the honours of the class. The debaters were: "A"—Jorga Eek and Emily Lemmon, and "B"—Mary Piper and Iris Williamson. Mr. Denton, as chairman of the judges, ex-

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plained their verdict in considerable detail. Their decision was finally made in favour of the negative—Class "A"—in view of the fact that several easily refutable statements made by them were allowed to go unchallenged by the affirmative. Hence, at this point, we tender our congratulations to "A" Class for their superior debating talents as displayed throughout the term.

For some few weeks in January and February, a lunchroom discussion club, organized by this Society, had a lively career. For a considerable period of time, we ate our lunches amidst heated argument. The procedure was strictly informal, and was enjoyed by all during the days when inclement weather prohibited our enjoyment of the outdoors during the noon hour.

Although plans were made for debating against other organizations in the city, arrangements failed at the eleventh hour, much to the disappointment of the speakers appointed to represent us. Due to the uncertainty of the dates of teaching periods, definite plans were very difficult to arrange all through the year. School curricula do interfere with activities so, don't they?

Of course, on the horizon at all times was the annual play. Several plays were chosen, only to be discarded after further consideration of difficulties of casting. At last it was decided to produce John Drinkwater's comedy, "Bird in Hand," and considering the small enrolment of students it was indeed gratifying to see the wonderful spirit shown by the whole school in co-operating to make the affair the great success it was. A packed house witnessed the production.

The parts were all excellently acted, every member of the cast making every effort to give a finished performance. The company was cast as follows:

Alice Greenleaf (the mother)	FLORENCE ROBERTSON	
Joan Greenleaf (the daughter)	RHODA WALTON	
Thomas Greenleaf (the father)	William Allan	
Gerald Arnwood	ARTHUR HAWKES	
Mr. Blanquet	GORDON CLARKE	
Mr. Beverley	WILLIAM MILLS	
Mr. Godolphin	HERBERT DODD	
Sir Robert Arnwood	DONALD BREWSTER	

Some of the cast gave outstanding performances. Miss Robertson showed considerable histrionic ability in her part, and it is unfortunate that a fuller character could not have been allotted to her. Mr. Allan, as the stubborn father, sustained his part in a convincing manner throughout the play: while Mr. Clarke, supplying most of the humour in his part, "stopped the show" several times with his excellent comic performance.



A review of the play and the year's work would be incomplete without an expression of sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Anderson and Mr. Gough, both of whom gave so unstintingly of their time to help make the play a success. The former acted as counsel to the executive throughout the year, and worked with the cast for several weeks as director, while the latter acted so efficiently as stage manager and general supervisor of the production.

SOCIAL

URING our first few days' sojourn at this school, many of us were inclined to feel that—"be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." This feeling quickly disappeared, however, after the first gathering of the clans, otherwise known as Classes "A," "B" and "C." After spending a late September afternoon and evening pitching a baseball, roasting wieners and singing songs, one forgets that one has just arrived in a strange town and instead feels that one really belongs.

This year's students have all become strict adherents of Epicurus. We have proved our faith in the old maxim—"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"—having practically all our dances just before teaching week.

Our first dance was held in an atmosphere of mystery and intrigue. Ghostly goblins and grinning pumpkins peered down upon a meeting of Hallowe'en spirits. During the evening prizes were awarded for outstanding costumes.

By the 22nd of December we were all feeling more or less ready to "give up the ghost." However, we quickly and effectively lost that examination feeling and were quite ready to greet Santa Claus, normally known as Bill Allan, when he arrived in the school auditorium. Gifts were presented to each member of the faculty, while Miss Rhoda Walton and Mr. Dick Reeve sang appropriate songs. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing to the strains of Bert Zala's orchestra.

Mr. Gough did much toward making the Valentine dance the success that it was. All the decorating was carried out under his instruction. He certainly managed to instil a sense of romance into these lofty halls of learning.

We have two functions yet to take place before the year draws to a close. On May 31 the parents and friends of the students will be entertained at an afternoon tea. Miss Isbister is in charge of all the preparations. We know that this will be another event to add to her long list of successfully planned social affairs. We sometimes wonder just what would happen to our dances and teas if Miss Isbister were not here to guide us.

Our closing banquet and dance is scheduled for the 6th of June. At it we will bid good-bye to Normal School, to the instructors who at all times have been so ready to help us, and to one of the happiest years of our school life.



AROUND YE INSTITUTION

Being here duly authorized and commissioned by ye editor of ye Annual to investigate activities about ye Schools, methinks 'twould be most jolly to see what passes during ye course of one solitary day.

Firstly—Ye Anecho Office in whose spacious sanctums do find a troubled Business Manager and a most perplexed Editor. Ye Annual goeth hard by both. Charming characters in proper environment methinks.

Across ye corridore to ye room in which one Campbell doth hold forth on this and that and other things. A desk most prettily decorated with books whose size doth give one chills.

Ye Music Room—One Mills doth still insist upon ye murder of one Beethoven. Methinks the room is wrongly called.

Up ye corridore to ye room in which a most dull crowd doth idly harken to words of wisdom on Art and Geography. Ye map in colored chalke doth give ye proper mind set. Ye star is to ye North.

Ye Art Room wherein one learns of Daschunds, Castles and Potatoes. Ye Venus immobile therein doth stand learning methinks more than those poor Students.

Ye Lunch Room—Methinks I never saw so fine an array of ye Thermos jugs and ye pintes of milk. Ye discussion holds forth on Males and otherwise. Most boring and lack-everything.

Ye Kitchen wherein ye white-garbed figures of ye Stronger Sex do flit and hover about one poor distracted female whose words of wisdom pass out through ye air vent. A happy throng until ye food enters out ye oven.

Down ye steps and then confronted by ye door with blinds full drawn which speaketh of ye Ceremony of ye Gym Tunic. Alas, poor creatures!

Room 3 wherein one finds many things of interest among ye rabble. One Walton still continues pearl and plain never ceasing. A charming class methinks but rather noisy and most flippant. Herein one finds ye bulk of ye Lifeboat Crew.

Ye Room of Reading as usual contains few persons. Ye pictures most interesting but ye reading matter rings of labour and such.

Ye Library upon whose spacious table lounges one lazy rascal. Emily Post's sound words on Knives and Funerals and such do greet the ear. Ye quiet is seldom found but often sought.

Ye Corridore wherein one sees a male who stoutly shakes ye hand of one poor female who looks half sheepish and half bored. Ye notice commends ye Students to ye Game.

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Ye Auditorium wherein one sees many things but hears but little song. Ye play rehearse and I am promptly expelled.

Room 1 commends itself. Ye noble males and bright. A most intelligent band with much talent not yet found.

Downstairs to ye Ping Pong Room. One sees ye figures under and over ye netted tables. A most active game methinks but better played without ye table.

Ye Gym wherein one sees ye Folke Danse and ye Physical Drill. A most inspiring sight with many queer positions methinks. Ye piano gives forth some gentle air.

Climb ye stairs again to ye Anecho Office where ye Editor demands a full stop and ye quicker ye better. 'Tis indeed a most ill paid job to thus report and then to have one's work deposited in ye waste basket along with many other.

ANON.







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ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Once again, as another term draws to a close, the pen hastes to record the annals of the Normal School in the realms of sport; and once again it must pay special tribute to the high standard of sportsmanship as shown by the students as they won victories and suffered defeats.

Special thanks must be given Mr. Campbell for his whole-hearted support and guidance.

Those holding office on the Athletic executive:

FIRST	TERM1934
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President	ROBERT MARTELLO
Vice-President	DAPHNE WILLIAMS
Secretary	WILLIAM ALLAN
Class Representatives D.	TURNBULL, D. McLaren, A.
PARFITT.	

SECOND TERM-1935

President	LU(LY NORTHCOTT
Vice-President	лонТ	1AS WALMSLEY
Secretary	Doro	THY MCLAREN
Class Representatives	O. KENNEDY, P. SIMMO	NS, J. DOWNEY

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Many games, good, bad, and indifferent, were witnessed this year by Normal rooters. The best game of the season was played in the Victoria High School gymnasium against Victoria College. The score was 25-22; Normal leading, needless to say!

In this game all the members of the team played in fine style. Phyllis Simmons, Beatrice Ratcliffe and Daphne Williams, stellar forwards, brought the team in the lead during the first half. Lucy Northcott, able side-centre, stepped lively and secured many goals. Marion Olstad, Nicola Mazzochi, Onaugh Kennedy and Margaret Griffiths kept up their snappy passing and co-operation throughout which did not let College through.

We must not forget to mention the games played against Victoria and Oak Bay High Schools. These games showed clean sportsmanship on the part of every player; and though Normal was not very successful here, the team proved itself able to take a beating with a smile.

One outstanding game was played against a "Y" team at the Y.M.C.A. gym. The Normal was victorious, the score being 48-2.

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Inter-class games, arranged by Lucy Northcott, brought practically all the girls out to practice. The play-offs are expected to show keen competition between the representative teams of Classes "A" and "B."

In closing, the girls wish to express through the medium of the "Anecho" their thanks and appreciation to Miss Hinton for the valuable assistance she has given them in basketball. They feel that all their success was due to her.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Lack of numbers in the ranks of the male students this year seriously handicapped the cause of basketball as far as the Normal School was concerned. As a result of so few members it was thought unwise to enter into any city leagues. However, several games were played including six games with Victoria High School, one with Victoria College and three with Fernwood Merchants. Although the Normalites won only twice (against the Grocers), much enjoyment and thrill were derived by all.

In the early Spring a house league was organised, which consisted of three teams picked from Class "C." After a closely fought struggle (as evidenced by the necessity of overtime in each of the five games) Bob Moxley's team came first, with Don Brewster's team running a close second. Gordon Clarke's team showed great sportsmanship in bringing up the rear.

PING-PONG

Again the insignificant comes to the forefront, for there has been no greater drawing card in the year's activity than the elusive, little ping-pong ball. In the inter-Normal tournament, although practice teaching interfered with the playoffs, Bill Muncy and Joyce Applegate were recognized as the victors in men's and women's matches respectively. As Spring approaches, however, the magnetic appeal of ping-pong is giving way to the "call of the great out-of-doors," and it is only seldom now that one hears the familiar "ping-pong" echoing from the corridors below.

BADMINTON

As usual Badminton has played a leading role in the sport activities of the year. Evidence of its popularity is evinced by the fact that all around the gym walls are strewn ragged and toil-worn shuttles.



In the pre-Christmas tournament with College two sets were played, the Normal losing the first, only to come out on top in the second with a score of 110-91. But in the Spring tournament the College was successful in both sets.

GIRLS' SOFT BALL

Soft ball was discarded in the first term due to the many other extracurricular activities. This term, however, the girls have found time to pursue this popular game. Class teams were formed and the challenge games were enjoyed by everybody, including the onlookers.

BOYS' SOFT BALL

Since this "sport of kings" did not reach a climax until later in the term, little need be said except that Dick Reeve made one home-run!

TENNIS

Weather conditions were perfect for this game at the commencement of the school year, but everybody was busy adapting themselves to their new surroundings, consequently tennis was forgotten. It is hoped that students soon will be pounding the courts again, if only to lose those extra calories.

TRACK

The final sport activity of the year is the school picnic. Here track and field enthusiasts will have a chance to show their skill. It is predicted that those in training will soon be racing to the top of Mt. Tolmie and back between lecture periods.

SOCIAL

SPLASH PARTY—Although the splash party was at first postponed, it proved an overwhelming success when it did come off. Some forty or so mermaids and merman from the Normal under the leadership of Lucy Northcott trooped down to the Crystal Gardens for a "dip." Games were played includ-

NORMAL SCHOOL



ing leap-frog, follow-the-leader and tag. Also we must not forget to mention the sham battle from which Pat Holmes and Don Brewster emerged victorious. The party was so much enjoyed by everybody that all voted for another one.

LITERARY SOCIETY—A programme, in charge of the Athletic Society, took place in the gymnasium where five relay teams competed in races, under the direction of Joe Downey. The winning team was not compensated but the losing team was required to make "fools" of themselves.

After this was over the boys were initiated into the art of folk-dancing by Lucy Northcott. They progressed as well as could be expected; in fact, one group made up of Messrs. York, Wahl and Curteis put on by female request not a bad performance. In response to the male request, the girls performed to perfection a very intricate dance. This dance concluded the programme, which the students and the staff (?) enjoyed immensely.

Considering the year as a whole, there seems to be little that could have been done that has not been done in the way of sports. The remaining months of the term ought to be just as full and as interesting as the year has been up to the present.

"PICNICS"

Two outstanding events in the way of outdoor sport took the form of picnics.

The first, held at a "little nook and cranny" on the seashore at the end of Lansdowne Road, was an October party. Softball and sandwiches were the main sources of enjoyment. The latter were augmented by Mr. Campbell's excellent boilerful of coffee. The outstanding event took place when Dr. Anderson, to the loud acclamations of the shivering and well-clad students, undertook to "enjoy" a swim in the "cold and briny deep," to a neighboring island and back.

The second picnic, held in March, took place at Cordova Bay. About thirty industrious and energetic students hiked from the Normal School. Several cars, however, were necessary to carry such unwieldy baggage as baseball bats and lunches. After lunch, activities took the form of games, such as softball, shuffle-board and skipping. The party broke up at 3 p.m. after a very enjoyable day. The only "bee in the sandwich" was a sign in the park which announced that flower pickers would be prosecuted. This caused much restrained emotion all round. It is rumoured, however, that Mr. Walmsley was successful in smuggling one daisy away from the restricted area for purposes better known to himself.



"A PROMISE"

Oh, give me the night of the fallen snow, When great black billows are hanging low, And the lights of man glimmer and glow, Like stars that have fallen from heaven. And up above, a streak of blue, Proclaims again God's promise true—
"I gave the wind, the sky, the tree, Oh, Mortals, take the Beauty ere it flee; I gave it all to you below, Only because I loved you so."

KAY ARMSTRONG.

MY DOEM

"A poem!" they cried—and then a tide
Of tumult burst forth on the scene;
They yowled and cheered and someone sneered
"An ode to a lone sardine."

But let them laugh—that worthless chaff: The kernel to them is unknown, And what know they, of Mus's way—Her gift to the chosen alone?

And will they sneer or mocking, cheer When my verse exalted they see? Will they rebel, when critics tell Of Wordsworth and Shakespeare and me?

But wise men say 'tis after day When renown and fame come home: So I leave the sage of a future age To appreciate my poem.

RODA WALTON.

NORMAL SCHOOL

CTORIA B. C.



A ROLE

A broncho gallops down the hard road. The cowboy sits neatly upon his animal—every movement of his body co-ordinating with the motions of the horse. Suddenly and spontaneously he breaks into a western song. When presently the horse slackens its pace, the cowboy rises to his feet and gracefully balances himself on the horse's back. As he approaches the corral he whirls his lassoo in a great circle around his head.

In reality a small boy is herding cows for a dairy farmer. He is a child who enjoys and develops rather than hides and forgets his dramatic instinct: everything he does manifests his role; every cow he sees is wolf; every moment he knows portends evil. He surrounds himself with life and adventure through his own dramatic imagination.

L. MARTIN.



Victoria Paily Times

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Personals



1934 - 35





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"WINDS"

There are Winds that arise at dawn, They are fresh, and fierce, and free. And they fill me through with wild desire— An urge to do and to see.

There are Winds that come in the drowse of day, They are sultry, and warm and worn. They soothe the fevered brow and cheek, When we with stress of life are torn.

There are Winds that hush the twilight blue, They are soft, and shy, and sweet; And I love them best, for they speak to me Of things that make a life complete.

PAT KIER.





JOYCE APPLEGATE (Victoria)

As musician, dancer and orator is Joyce equally successful, nor is she less versatile at sports, of which we might mention baseball in particular. As one of the business assistants of this magazine Joyce has proved herself most capable. Need we add also that she is one of our star students and will be near the top at the end of the year?

BETTY ARCHIBALD (Kamloops)

Betty did not come to Normal until after Christmas but we were not long in learning of her capabilities and to be glad that she was with us. In the field of dressmaking we have discovered that she has left many of us far behind.

KATHLEEN ARMSTRONG, B.A. (Victoria)

Kay is one of our classmates who attended Varsity before taking the Teachers' Training Course. Besides being an excellent student, Kay takes a prominent part in other activities at Normal. She may frequently be seen wielding a ping-pong racquet and is reported to write poetry for a hobby.

FLORENCE ATCHISON (Victoria)

Her musical ability finds expression in her mellow contralto voice and on the violin. Florence takes her work seriously, yet finds plenty of time to enjoy life.

PEGGY BELL (Saanich)

It was not until after Christmas that Peggy came to Normal. We envy her, her Titian hair and her ability as an artist, but we merely admire her for the three-mile walk she tells us she takes each morning to come to Normal.

EVA BOULANGER (Merritt)

An after-Christmas student. Not many Normal students can honestly claim to be bi-lingual but Eva chatters equally well in French and English. She is also one of our best artists and has been untiring in her work as Assistant Art Editor of the "Anecho."

ANTOINETTE BOURGON (Prince Rupert)

Our lively Tona is a most industrious student as well as a crack shot at basketball. Nothing is too small for Tona's interest which ranges far and wide. We enjoyed her performance as a little girl in our Hallowe'en play.



A STUDY IN Q AND A

- Q.—If there are 28 men in "C" Class and every two make Drop Cakes calling for one tablespoon of raisins, how many raisins will be left at the end of the Cooking Class?
- A.—None.
- Q.—If a Normal School Student prepares a lesson based entirely upon the principles put forth by Mr. Thomas and the staff supervisor is Mr. Denton, what invariably happens?
- A.—Mr. Denton doesn't show up during the lesson.
- Q.—If four Normal Students manage to borrow two ping-pong bats and a ball and are able to get a table, how many play?
- A.—Only three, one is on Library Duty.
- Q.—If Mr. Wilkinson rings the bell at 4:45 p.m. and it takes him only 28 seconds to put his coat on and lock up the building, what time does he leave the School?
- A.—5:10 p.m.
- Q.—L. G. writes home asking for \$15.00 with which to buy books; if books cost on the average of \$1.25 each, how many does he buy?
- A.—One.
- Q.—If a Normal School Student gets on the bus and finds he is without tickets or money and is unable to borrow any, when does he pay the conductor?
- A.—No sooner than three weeks later.
- Q.—If Mr. Freeman notifies the student body that there is a lecture in the Museum, how many students attend it?
- A.—Two at most.
- Q.—If Class "B" gets out of a History lecture at 10:20 and is due at a Health lecture at 10:25, what time do the majority of them get there?
- A.—10:27.
- Q.—If a class is notified that there is to be a test on Chapters V, VI, VII and VIII of a certain book, and I study Chapters V, VI and VII, what Chapter will the bulk of the questions be from?
- A.—Chapter VIII.
- Q.—If there is an assignment on the board in Room 6 and two references to be looked up in the Library, which place will you find the most of Class "C?"
- A.—In the Ping-Pong Room.

(Continued on Page 40)





MARGARET CAMERON (Cassidy)

Margaret is an elocutionist of no mean ability and we have enjoyed her recitations a number of times at our Group meetings. We appreciate also her (particular) talent in commanding attention in the classroom—page the Sergeant-Major!

ELVIRA COLLEN (Manitoba)

A real teacher of long experience. She has recently come to Victoria from Manitoba where she specialized in primary work. We wish her the best of good fortune in British Columbia.

MARY CONROY (Atlin)

We can always turn to Mary for a witty remark when we feel depressed. However, she was serious when she said: "Give me 50-below and frost-bitten fingers in preference to wet feet, puddles and umbrellas." Mary makes a hobby of badminton and tennis.

NOREEN CREELMAN (Victoria)

What she lacks in stature, Noreen makes up a hundredfold in general ability. Public speaker, authoress, debater and active member of the Dramatic Society, not to mention her scholastic ability, are some of the things in which Noreen takes part.

BARBARA DANIELS (Victoria)

The students did well in choosing Barbara to be president of the 1935 Literary Society, for her resourcefulness has indeed been a factor in the success of the term's programme that she arranged for us. "Bob" has a lovely soprano voice and many times have we enjoyed listening to her songs.

DORIS DAVEY (Kamloops)

Who came to Normal at Christmas. She is very quiet but can be persuaded to entertain us sometimes with her music, for she both sings and plays. The fact that she can use a typewriter proved very useful to the "Anecho" board this Spring when the magazine was being prepared.

ALICE DIMOCK (Smithers)

Alice is a crack badminton player. She can always be counted upon to lend a sympathetic ear to any tale of woe, but she keeps her own troubles to herself. She says little, and works a lot.

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KNITTING SUPPLEMENT

In view of the great interest at present displayed in this branch of Athletics, a few hints on the sport of knitting may be useful.

To Knit a Sock

- 1. Starting knitting.
- 2. Keep on.
- 3. Knit two and two.
- 4. Drop one—three are now left—so . . .
- 5. Slip one, slap one, knit back and forth twice.
- 6. Heel and toe. One, two, three, hop.
- 7. Knit one, not two. Forget one—knot two—pick one up, drop it. Undrop it. Where the "dickens" is it?
- 8. To turn the heel: Cast off two plain. Cast them on again. Now look round carefully. Don't cast purl before swine. Cast off one purl. Look round again. If all is safe, cast off purl in ail directions. Come up for breath now. Now drip one, drop one, drop the sock. The sock is now pink. Ask Miss Isbister. There should be a hole at the top for inserting feet and other odds and ends. If not it isn't a sock but a scarf.

WARNING NOTE—Never eat what you're knitting and never knit what you're eating, especially in the case of spaghetti.

(Selected.)

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JORGA EEK (Victoria)

Lady MacBeth, a shrivelled old witch, or what have you, Jorga can portray the part to perfection. She is always ready to enter into a lively argument wherever it may take place. She has turned this particular aptitude to good advantage in our school debating.

MARGARET GODDARD (Trail)

Full of life and fun is Margaret but we must confess that we think she can run her classmate, Jorga, a close second when it comes to having the last word in an argument! Thanks to her, many of our noon-hour discussion meetings waxed lively and long while they were in session.

MARGARET GRIFFITHS (Victoria)

Margaret and the word "energy" are syr.onymous. She trips gaily through life, being a leading light during both folk-dancing lessons and basketball games. It was a source of great worry to her for a while that certain dress materials will "ravel their hearts away" if not sewn at once after being cut.

PATRICIA HOLMES (Sandwick)

Golden-haired Pat is another wide-awake member of this class. She is fond of singing, dancing and dramatics and has taken part in several of the productions of the Dramatic Society during the term.

ADA JANES (Nanaimo)

Ada is a quiet, hardworking student, who possesses that sometimes too rare quality of being a good listener to those who wish to chatter of woes and otherwise. Page Beatrice Ratcliffe if you want to find Ada. They're always together.

PATRICIA KIER (Victoria)

Pat is our vivacious young student from Calgary. There is music wherever she is for Pat is always singing some gay tune. She takes an active interest in school debating and makes a hobby of badminton and horseback riding.

ONAUGH KENNEDY (Victoria)

Onaugh is most energetic in both work and play. She fills the position of class representative on the Athletic Committee most capably. On the baskctball floor Onaugh is an example to all her classmates of how the game is played.





MEDITATIONS OF A NORMAL STUDENT

What a blessing it is to be A teacher of little children! To have a spring in the step, (Or a tack on the chair). Joie de vivre!

What a delight to inscribe Elaborate campaigns for Lessons destined to flop Utterly . . . Destined from above.

Ah well, life has its compensations.
What enchantment it is
To invade Terry's;
To add to the distresses of the waitresses!

Perhaps when we are old We shall look back on the folly of our youth And smile in vague, abject toleration. Perhaps . . .

Let us live for today, for tomorrow may never come—May never come . . . never Ah me!

—HERBERT DODD.







EMILY LEMMON (Nelson)

Having graduated from the lunch-room Discussion Club as a first-class arguer. Emily very efficiently represented her class in the "A" and "B" Class Debate. She is a popular member of the school.

RUTH LUNDY (Cranbrook)

There is no mistaking the fact the Victoria climate has agreed with Ruth, for she has grown all of two inches since she came to live here. She is a great comic and it is a perfect joy to see her laugh. Did we not hear your name once connected with Lifeboats, Ruth?

ENA McHALLAM (Penticton)

Ena makes a hobby of debating and has done much during her stay at Normal in stimulating and encouraging this particular activity. We like to tease her about her lisp and to hear her fiercely exclaim: "Oh, dear!"

JOSEPHINE MacKINNON (Castlegar)

"Jo" is Emily's great pal and we seldom see the one without the other. She is very quiet and hardworking—a credit to her class.

DOROTHY McLAREN, B.A. (Victoria)

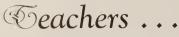
As secretary of the Athletic Society, Dot not only preaches to the Normalites that they get out and do their part but she practises herself as one of our star basketball players. And as for getting the highest marks in exams, we find Dot almost unbeatable.

EVELYN McLUHAN (Victoria)

Look either in the reading-room or for Lilian Martin, and you will find Evelyn. She is a hard worker but at the same time cultivates her sense of humour.

LILIAN MARTIN (Victoria)

Lillian probably gets her artistic ability from those recordbreaking rides to Normal every morning. She is a hard worker and deserves all the success we wish her.



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A STUDY IN Q AND A

(Continued)

- Q.—Mr. Freeman gives a number of lectures on the constellations. Two individuals decide to study these constellations one night, which one do they study most?
- A.—The Moon.
- Q.—A certain Normal Student offers to take a young lady home from a dance; what happens?
- A.—The car breaks down.
- Q.—If all the lesson plans made by Normal Students were laid end to end how far would they reach?
- A.—No answer, but they would never reach a definite conclusion.

3

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MARY MATHERS (Queen Charlotte Islands)

Mary is an interested student of Nature study, and to Class "B.'s" relief always knows all the answers in history. She is a good student who does all her work conscientiously.

NICOLA MAZZOCCHI (Fife)

"Nick" is the kind of a girl that any class is glad to have as a member. She and Phyllis Simmons are the two "inseparables" of Class "B." Both are good at sports for the school.

DOROTHY MEADE (Revelstoke)

Although quiet and demure, Dorothy has made her presence felt in many ways during her short stay at Normal. Her hobbies are badminton and music.

IRENE MOTTISHAW (Duncan)

Irene is an enthusiastic student teacher, her pet subjects being psychology and grammar, on account of the fact, we suspect, of the argumentative aspect of these topics. She is fond of out-of-doors and makes a hobby of hiking.

LUCY NORTHCOTT (Vernon)

President of our Athletic Society for the second term, Lucy is admirably suited to this position for she is actively interested in all types of sport. She is also good at public speaking, singing and conducting folk-dancing.

MARION OLSTAD (Slocan City)

Marion is one of our quieter members, but she acts well as our "top" centre on the basketball team. Also during "parliament" she made a very successful sergeant-at-arms.

MARY PIPER (Lytton)

Mary is a young lady who knows what she wants and goes after it. She has proven to us that she is a good elocutionist and debater, to say nothing of her badminton activities. Where did you spend the Easter holidays, Mary?



THE SPRUCE

A Spruce, Silhouetted alone on a mountain height. When the day was calm, it stood erect, Stately and tall—serene. When the tempest blew, 'twas passion tossed, Furious, fierce, and free.

I loved the tree and I watched it grow. And desired within me to reach its goal. My glorified vision—ideal supreme. And around it I built all my hopes and my Dream.

I reached it at last—heart-broken I find That my tree is scarred, and torn, and black; And its stateliness marred by its close contact. Gone its fury and fierceness—its freedom no more. And yet as I gaze, there comes unto me A sweet, tender love for my old Spruce Tree.

PATRICIA M. KEIR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11--BETTY

As Mr. Allen and I were driving to school this morning we passed a huge rock on the road. Just as we passed it came rolling down the hill and it hit the car and it ran write throw the car and Mr. and I got hurt and we had to go to the hospital. Mr. Allandiedbut I didn't. I came hoom the day after Mr. Allen died and I lived happily ever after.

(Editor's Note.—Seatwork Exercise assigned by Student teacher. Composition started by student and completed by earnest Grade 3 pupil. Actual reproduction.)





CATHERINE RAHAL (Nelson)

Quiet and reserved is "Buddy," with the kind of good humour which always seems to come to her rescue at those strategic moments. She has worked well this year and we wish her every success.

DOROTHY RALFS (Victoria)

A strong-minded student with the courage of her convictions. We understand that Dodo once had ambitions to become a doctor. We hope she will one day realize her ambition, but meanwhile we are sure she will make a very good teacher. Dodo is actively interested in the school dramatics.

BEATRICE RATCLIFFE (Nanaimo)

Beatrice was a little bit shy in lectures at first but now, thanks to Mr. Denton, she can hold her own in any argument. She is very fond of music and is herself a good pianist.

CHRISTINE REYDEN (Nelson)

Although one of the quieter members of the class, Chrissie is a very hardworking student, nothing being too much trouble for her to attend to. She is fond of sports, being one of our basketball players.

FLORENCE ROBERTSON (Victoria)

Class "B" claims to have in Florence one of the school's most versatile and widely experienced students—debater, actress, director of the Hallowe'en play, singer and brilliant teacher. She is also one of the "Anecho" business associates.

PHYLLIS SIMMONS (Grand Forks)

Phyllis is a very zestful student who always has plenty of spare energy even after teaching week. She is the crack forward of the girl's basketball team and is also class representative for the Athletic Society.

MARY SOMERVILLE, B.A. (Nanaimo)

Besides holding the position as co-editor of the "Anecho." Mary has unusual capabilities in music as exemplified by her Literary Society programme and her capacity as "official pianist." She is a prospective "commercial" teacher.



"GOD'S HOUR--AND MINE"

When the dusk has fallen: when the sun's rays are gone and the stars of early night come out one by one, the world is filled with a strange peace that only the country lanes seem to know—then it is God's hour—and mine. I will ever remember one evening just after the dusk. I found my way down a woodland path, when thro' the stillness a bird commenced to sing in the shadows, and the world was forgotten. Words can never tell how utterly pure and sweet it was, those liquid notes, like drops of water in the sky. I only know I had never heard anything so beautiful before.

Tho' I may forget that woodland path thro' the wood, I shall never forget that hour—God's hour—and mine.

-LUCY NORTHCOTT.



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LOUISE SWANSON (Ross Spur)

We were sorry that illness kept Louise from school for almost a month this Spring, but since her return we are glad to report that she has not only caught up with us in our work but in dressmaking has actually surpassed us!

EDITH TATTRIE (New Denver)

Edith is one of our diminutive members who practises the principle of student activity in class where she is frequently heard from. Edith is quick to recognize any humour in a situation. "Where are Edith's eyes when she laughs?"

BETTY THOMSON (Victoria)

Class "B's" representative on the executive of the 1934 Dramatic Society, a budding and talented artist, and Editor of the "Anecho"—all combined with a delightful touch of wit and humour. Not bad, Betty!

GWEN TOMS (Port Alberni)

Gwen is Gwen—what more can one say? Everyone recognizes Gwen's good humour and genuine good spirits with the accompanying hearty laugh. We hear that for a hobby she is an excellent cook.

DORIS TURNBULL (Vernon)

Where would our intellectual Literary Society programmes be without Doris? She is the inspiration besides of many of the lively pranks that take place in Room 3.

VERA WHITEHOUSE (Medicine Hat, Alta.)

Although Vera is a long way from home, she doesn't seem to be lonely in Victoria. She hopes to get a school in the Peace River and there to fulfil the six (or is it seven?) duties of a rural teacher. Vera has proven herself to be a very competent Secretary of the Literary Society this last term.

DONALDA WALKER (Yahk)

Last term "Don" held the position of Vice-President of the Literary Society. She is an all-round student and for her Art work holds the office of Art Editor of this Annual. Music is her special hobby. For Your

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A HIDDEN PLAYGROUND

Near the very heart of our Island we have one of Nature's most beautiful gifts, "The Forbidden Plateau." It is located among the highest peaks of the Island, namely, Mt. Albert Edward, Mt. Regan, Alexander Peak, the Dome Glacier, and many others. Certainly this is a most picturesque and inspiring spot.

The name is rather doubtful in its origin. One Indian tribe has wound the following mysterious legend about its meaning: Many years ago, the Comox Indians were threatened with war by an invading tribe, so they sent their women and children back to the hills. After the strife, however, they could find no trace whatsoever of their families. They believed that the Spirit of the Glacier had taken them, and from that time onward none ventured near the spot.

Since the Plateau was rather inaccessible, it was not opened up until about 1929. Very little was known of it until the city engineer of Courteney went to investigate the source of the town's water supply. He took many pictures and advertised the Plateau so well that during the six years since its opening, the district has become known far and wide. Tourists come from many parts of Canada and the United States, and several members of European nobility have visited its beauties.

One encounters numerous lakes of all sizes. Many of these have been stocked with fish, which offer fine sport to the angler. And what greater pleasure is there than to take a dip in one of these lakes at dawn

The deer are very numerous, and one is thrilled at the sight of a buck standing across from him in a little meadow, or a doe with her two little fawns.

It takes only a short time to climb one of the many peaks, where a new world is opened to one. It makes one realize the existence of the Great Being, to stand on the top of one of these peaks and look across a sea of mountains and valleys to the ocean.

—JOSEPH DOWNEY.



RHODA WALTON (Victoria)

A girl with a past—for what actress hasn't? Rhoda is an excellent student, singer and public speaker. She held position of President of the Dramatic Society last term. As a grammarian none of us can touch her.

DAPHNE WILLIAMS (Victoria)

Student and athlete, 1934 vice-president of the Athletic Society and crack forward of the basketball team, also the great pal of the other "D. W."

IRIS WILLIAMSON (Penticton)

Iris is the one person who always seems to get her assignments done first. She does not study all the time to do this, for she has taken part in several Literary Society meetings.

EVELYN WILSON (Victoria)

Evelyn hopes to go to college again next year and eventually to become a commercial teacher. She is interested in all sports. If she has any failing it is mislaying her glasses!

RUBY WILSON (Penticton)

Ruby, at first sight, appears quiet but it does not take long to correct this impression. She is a fine elocutionist and we have not forgotten how she entertained us as the amusing "umbrella lady."

WILLIAM ALLEN (Victoria)

Bill played Santa Claus at the Christmas Closing Dance and despite one or two "slips" was a great success. He had a heavy part in the play and we should say that he made a fine job of it. He takes a keen interest in all activities and has proven that he's Number One on more things than the Register.

JOSEPH AWMACK (Victoria)

Joe came to us after Christmas and readily made himself familiar to us all. He is very willing, and glad to co-operate in any plan. Although seen little in Literary Society programmes, he may often be found behind the scenes doing jobs which others forebear.



"AND A LITTLE CHILD"

(Continued)

Oh, God! Why was everything so ugly?

The meal was interrupted by a knock at the door. Mrs. Crimmins, from the room downstairs, slouched in. She was a slovenly, middle-aged woman, dressed in a dirty print frock, and visibly excited.

"Oh, Mr. Rawlins, I just gotta tell you the news. Mrs. Bryant, she says old Wallace is leavin' that wife o' his! I ain't blamin' him neither. You know. I heard she—— Well, fer—— Is that guy gone crazy?"

Blair had hurried out and slammed the door behind him. Once more he entered the dark, narrow street. The wind had abated considerably, but still gave an occasional shuddering moan, as if reluctant to leave without again reminding mankind of the respect that it considered its due.

A heavy mist had drifted up from the harbour, enshrouding the forsaken streets in a cloak of gloom through which drizzled a fine, penetrating rain.

Blair walked down to Wharf Street, then turned to his right. He hurried along the dreary street, between two ranks of deserted buildings. They seemed to resent his presence, and stared down at the intruder with their vacant, eye-like windows. Weird shadows, cast by a flickering street lamp, played across rusty iron doors and barred windows.

He quickened his pace, and when he came to Johnson Street he turned onto the bridge. There he stopped, and gazed across the water to the Parliament Buildings. They were lighted, and seemed like some elusive, enchanted palace, veiled in mists. To his left were the black, empty buildings he had just passed, and the tottering ruins of old wharves. On the other side of the inlet he could discern the dark forms of huge oil tanks looming through the mist. Red blotches of Neon signs sent their messages but feebly through the darkness.

A wave of hatred surged through Blair—hatred for mankind and his works. This was once a beautiful water passage with pleasant woods on either side. All the beauty that remained was the fairy palace in front of him, and it was only an illusion. In the daytime it was a rough grey building, where men of all types, striving for worldly gain and honour, gathered together to wrangle over petty problems of the race. Man had destroyed all the beauty with which nature had endowed him, and had substituted ugliness and strife in its place.

He felt he could bear it no longer! He had no work to do. It would be useless to go on. The thought of inquisitive strangers who would gather around him when they found him, was horrible, but he would be far away from it all—away from everything unsightly, in a world of peace and beauty. Strange conflicting emotions struggled within him. Finally his decision was made.





JOSEPH BARLOW (Victoria)

If you want Joe look for Curteis, and if you want both of them, look in the Ping-Pong Room. Joe says little, but is alert to all the activities and happenings transpiring around the building. "Watch that backhand, Joe!"

DONALD BREWSTER (Victoria)

Literary President for the first term. leading part in the play, Speaker of the House. Senator Blunderbus. Basketball, Softball, and to top it all Assistant Business Manager of this publication. That's Don for you. Don's ability as an impromptu speaker requires no eulogy. Don't suspect that he neglects his work 'though, for, if effort and marks count anything, he's 'the top.'

JACK CHATFIELD (Victoria)

Another pre-Christmas executive. Secretary of the Dramatic Society. He was one of the hard workers, in whose hands lay the obtaining of funds to finance "Anecho." Jack has taken an active interest in the Literary Society, but his endeavour is not limited to intellectual achievements alone. Are we right, girls?

STEPHEN CHEESEMAN (Victoria)

Stephen also came to us after Christmas and has distinguished himself as a conscientious worker. An argument or discussion concerning some national or international affair is Stephen's delight, and one may often find him surrounded by an interested group listening to his words of wisdom.

GORDON CLARKE (Cowichan Lake)

If Gordon did nothing else all year, he certainly made himself beloved to us all by his neat job of removing Senator Blunderbus on the Class "C" programme. He performed the nasty job without bloodshed or undue noise. Gordon is another of our Beau Brummels and has made the most of the term he has been with us.

GREGORY COOK (Victoria)

Greg is the official encyclopedia of the class regarding things technical (e.g., water works). Can we forget his wood-cutting act on the Group 3 programme? His hand on your shoulder and cheery greeting inspires all who are favored with his friendship.

THOMAS CURTEIS (Ladysmith)

Silent and sombre yet witty and willing. A poetic burst but nevertheless true. Tom is Vice-President of the Dramatic Society and took part in the first debate held. Haven't we seen you in the Ping-Pong Room, Tom?

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In the act of climbing over the railing of the bridge he was arrested by a cry of pain. The sound was clearly the voice of a child, and apparently came from the gloomy shadows which enveloped the old wharves. Blair hesitated. Again he heard the cry. He forgot his own troubles for a moment, in his concern over the unknown child's danger. Quickly he ran to the end of the bridge, and, stumbling over tufts of wet grass and piles of debris, he soon reached the child.

The youngster had caught her foot between two loose planks on the wharf, and had twisted her ankle. Blair helped her up, and when the pain lessened he asked her what her name was, and where she lived. She told him she was Peggy Brownlee, and that she lived in a little house on the other side of the bridge.

"But tell me, what are you doing here at this time of night? Your parents will be terribly anxious about you."

"I don't care. Mommy and Daddy are out." sobbed the little girl. "I just came because it's so beautiful here. These old buildings seem so kind and friendly. I make believe they talk to me, and tell me about all the people who used to be in them. I think they really like to tell me about it. Hardly anyone ever comes down here, and my buildings seem glad to see me. And that big bridge is so straight and strong. I could sit all day and watch it. Sometimes, if I'm very quiet, it tells me secrets that the little boats whisper when they sail underneath it. Besides, those bright red and blue and green lights look like fairies dancing, where they shine on the water. I think the Fairy Queen lives in that big castle over there. I have never seen her yet, but whenever I can I come to watch for her. I know that sometime she'll come out and dance on the water, too. That's what I was watching for when I fell down.

"I saw you standing on the bridge. Were you waiting to see the Fairy Queen, too?"

Blair made no reply. He lifted her up and carried her home.

* * *

The following afternoon Mrs. Crimmins and Jim were discussing Blair.

"No, Mrs. Crimmins. I think you're wrong. It's not love nor a miracle that's made such a change in Blair. He's a good guy, but he's simple—plain simple, and he don't understand things like ordinary folks. Like as not some kid told him a fairy story, and that's what's made him cheerful as a little sunbeam." And the two chuckled heartily at this delightful bit of philosophy.





ELVED DAVIES (Victoria)

Assistant Editor of this Annual and Vice-President of the Literary Society. "Who was that lady we saw you with, Elved?" "Or should we let it drop?" Elved's rescue acts in Health and Nutrition lectures display his knowledge of Anatomy. He actually knew on the Easter Examination that viscer—was. We can't even spell the thing.

HERBERT DODD (Creston)

Put Bert in a room with Huey Long and Bert would be the one able to walk out under his own locomotion at the finish. Bert's views on certain points are unchangeable and his critical nature questions every possible statement you make. "Where did you learn the caterpillar walk, Bert?"

JOSEPH DOWNEY (Comox)

One of the men about whom the male chorus was built. Illness has forced Joe out of many activities in which we feel that he could excel. An authority on things pertaining to Nature. A good thing if all classes could have someone like him to turn to.

LEONARD GRODZKI (Nelson)

Len is "the" person at all the dances. That smile would melt the heart of Garbo, Len. A scorekeeper extraordinary at basketball and a ping-pong enthusiast. Sitting in the front desk, Len bears the brunt of Mr. Denton's questioning on Thomas. "What do you think, Grodzki?"

DAVID HARPER (Victoria)

Alias Shakespeare, badminton and ping-pong star, debater, par liamentarian, P.N.S. radio announcer, star wit of Class "C" and last but not least business manager of this publication. All in all Dave has shown himself to be an outstanding member of this year's class—both in and out of the class room. Need any more be said?

ARTHUR HAWKES (Victoria)

President of our Dramatic Society this term and hero in the play. Art is generally known in P.T. as the "on the hands down" exponent, and do we suffer for it! A radio announcer of some note and a wit (?) who can usually be relied upon to furnish the pun necessary.

CHARLES HOLLAND (Victoria)

A gentleman of the old school, for he obviously likes blondes, or is it singular, Chuck? It is rather hard to get Chuck started at a dance, but once he gets going—"California, here I come."

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LOOKING BACK

I am firmly convinced that nemesis is indeed a reality. There were times when I cynically felt that such a thing did not exist; but I have of late seen the folly of my conviction and have retracted any contrary views which I might have had.

The cause of this situation is deep rooted. One must go back some eight or so years to reach the foundation. I can say with all pride that I was a model pupil, that is, literally. I spent seven years behind those swinging doors which mark the confines of youth and intelligence.

You outlanders may often have wondered why it is that you enjoy such comparative freedom from investigation by these younger members of our institution. You may come and go as you like with little observation on their part. No, they are not lectured and threatened regarding that freedom; nor are they bribed. The truth lies much deeper than that. These young people do not wish to know your business, in fact, they do not consider you worth the investigating. A rather startling revelation, you will admit, but nevertheless a most truthful revelation. Well do I remember those inquisitive and gaping students watching us as we pursued some common and very ordinary task under the guidance of Miss Scanlan. Not the least bit self-conscious; not the least bit nervous, we continued our work, hoping that these individuals who so cluttered up the hall would leave as soon as possible. The same applies to those myriads of lessons which were given us in what you know as the Music Room. Indeed a bad-mannered lot they were. Often their raucous laughter greeted our remarks, but we paid but little heed for, after all, they were only Normal Students.

As to their so-called practice teaching, the least said the better. We little knew of the Principle of Interest or the Principle of Pupil Activity. We did know, however, that there was generally something missing. So let it be.

You may gather from these short lines what the general concensus of opinion was, regarding those curious individuals who chanced to fill the space between two sets of swinging doors.

Yes, I believe in nemesis—I have become a Normal Student.

—DAVID HARPER.





WILLIAM MILLS (Victoria)

A literary mind as shown by his frequent appearance on Literary Society programmes. A very fine fellow except for rending of "The Moonlight Sonata." Can that boy persevere! Bill is secretary of the Dramatic Society.

ROBERT MOXLEY (Prince Rupert)

Bob arrived after the first term began, but that didn't interfere with his gaining of attention and subsequent popularity. Basketball and softball are Bob's strong points, but if you are in trouble he is perfectly willing to clear up any points concerning international policies. Bob made a fine job of Miss Lonelyhearts on Class C's programme.

WILLIAM MUNCY (Victoria)

Bill is the stabilizer of Class C, never reaching the point of hilarity, yet never plumbing the depths of melancholy. Bill was one of the mainstays of the choir, and has on more than one occasion entertained us with his 'cello. Bill is one of the best ping-pongers Class C has turned out.

ALEXANDER NORD (Kaslo)

Sandy is a basketballer of note, but finds time to hit the occasional rag-time tune on the music box in the gym. At the dances he has excelled, but where he learned those steps is a mystery to us.

ARTHUR PARFITT (Victoria)

Art is the smallest man on the basketball team. but that didn't detract from his ability to drop in baskets. The man who introduced us to the backhand in ping-pong, and can he ping them. A singer who has performed on more than one Literary Society programme, and a gymnast of note.

RICHARD REEVE (Victoria)

Dick tried hard to keep up the interest in the Male Choir and his frequent "pep talks" brought most of us to the verge of tears. After looking at Dick and a certain other person in the School, we should say that opposites do attract—that is, as far as size is concerned.

HENRY SALMON (Nanaimo)

Artist of note and musician of notes. Henry's cheery smile may be seen at any time, for he always wears it. He finds time to indulge in badminton, where his trick (?) shots delight us all.



TEACHING DAZE

(A Parody on Browning's "Prospice")

Fear teaching?—to feel a lump in my throat,

And dread in my face,

When the school bell rings, and the clocks denote I am nearing the place

Where the power of teaching, and facts I have borne Face the gates of the foe;

And he stands, the Dread Fear, in a visible form Yet each student must go.

For my childhood is past and Normal Entrance attained, And the barriers fall,

But there's a battle to fight ere the victory be gained, The reward of it all.

I was never a coward, so—one fight more, I hope it's the last!

I would hate that excuses bandaged my eyes, and what's more, Bade me creep past.

No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers The students of old.

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay Normal's arrears Of preparation and study untold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave, The tense lesson's at end,

Then Normal Staff aids, and "crit" teacher's rave Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, Then the horror is past

When the climax is reached, and the fog leaves my brain And I sit down at last.

—PHYLLIS E. SIMMONS.

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CHARLES SIDDALL (Victoria)

Chuck's happy smile has lightened the heart of at least one Normal maiden. He finds time, however, to participate in all sports from basketball to ping-pong, but by no means makes his studies play second fiddle.

RUSSEL SLOAN (Kelowna)

Russel is another of the boys who says little but does much. His recipe for emergency biscuits has made us all lovers of good cooking. Rus works off his surplus energy at basketball and ping-pong and, by the looks of things, Kelowna should have had him in the B.C. playoffs.

THOMAS WALMSLEY (Revelstoke)

Our vice-president of athletics this term and the heart throb of the class. An Aunt Horter.se de luxe and a mainstay on the badminton team. "You were caught 'napping' once, weren't you, Tom?"

EDWARD WAHL (Kelowna)

Another of Kelowna's gifts to Victoria. Ed has very little to say, but perhaps it is that this has made him so popular with us all. Ed lets himself go at the dances, but does he cover the ground!

GLEN YORK (Invermere)

Another late edition of the first team. Glen is rather quiet, but does not hesitate to question and comment in lectures. He may usually be found in Room 3 doing the work which so many of us so often neglect.



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"But where do you work, Teacher?" asks Johnny.

What are the following men noted for?

Seeley, Brett, Scott, Dodd, Siddell, Bennett.

The conductor helped the fat Normalite aboard the street car and remarked: "You ought to take yeast, it would help you to rise."

"Take some yourself, my good man, and you'd be better bred," came the reply.

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THINKING IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL WAY OF LIVING

What are the manifestations of thinking in the world today? They are, in large part, disturbing rather than reassuring. Fundamental changes in the present political and industrial orders are imminent. World Peace seems an almost impossible dream—disarmament a joke at which only armament manufacturers may still laugh. Nevertheless, here and there, humanity sees a gleam—of conscience, of compassion, of loyalty. Following this gleam the human comprehension is gradually growing into a realization that the only solution to the existing political and economic problems lies in the education of the social consciousness of the individual—'that on this earth and in this universe we are of one another—selfishness is a denial of life.''

To us, who will be in direct contact with the new generation this solution comes as a definite challenge. We must accept the challenge and be willing to meet the demands which that challenge makes upon us. Let us realize that education is more than the mere imparting of information and knowledge. It is the development of the power and the ability to think—life itself! As such it entails, as well as the grounding in (not grinding!) of the fundamental facts, the active perpetuation of such influences as will build up the individual personality so that the imagination, not the memory, be enlarged—that the young minds be filled with interest, the joys, and the ideals of life—Love, Truth, Peace.

If we, as young teachers will enter, then, this, the greatest of all professions, with a definite sense of the responsibility which each and all of us have in relation to the future thought of the world, then we will become, "fervent in spirit," striving for that goal of right thinking by which alone all apparent world problems may be solved.

Truly, thinking will and does become the most economical way of living.

"And think, dear heart, all evils shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thought already given
The sights and sounds: dreams happy as a day;
And hearts, learnt of friends: and gentleness,
In hearts at peace."—Brooke.

—FLORENCE E. ROBERTSON.

BOOK REVIEW

("Principles and Technique of Teaching"—Frank Thomas.)

I have chosen for the Book Review that charming thing of Frank Thomas, 'Principles and Technique of Teaching,' so popular among the 1935 Class of the Provincial Normal School. The book is a fine example of Mr. Thomas' admirable command of the language. There is a fine, stirring action throughout, and his word pictures are both vivid and picturesque. Though some parts may be a little obscure to the uninitiated, the book is worthy of closer study. Indeed, further research is practically necssary in order to realize the feeling that lies behind the mask of lengthy, sonerous words.

We are not at once projected into the action of the tale. For several pages we read on, groping for the light, feeling a definite atmosphere, yet failing somehow to grasp its true significance. Then the power of those written words grips us, and we begin to live with the main character. We see his responsibilities, his aims and objectives, and a feeling of great and sincere sympathy for him creeps over us.

Later Mr. Thomas carries us on with this character into the details of environment and control. We struggle with him through "working conditions"—favorable and otherwise. We learn the "Preparations" he goes through, the desperate efforts at a proper mental set, the unfailing search of interest.

Then, as we approach the climax, the excitement grows intense—we find him enmeshed in a series of "lessons"—lessons for habits and skills, lessons for appreciation, lessons for knowledge—thick and fast they fall upon him and threaten to engulf him. Among thought problems and fact problems he is bewildered—at a loss! He struggles and gropes! The tension is frightful—will he be able to surmount these troubles, breast the storm and hold back the flood?

Then comes the grand denouncement of this grand book. At a fever pitch of excitement the light suddenly dawns, and the hero is off on the well-worn path to success. We breathe again as he sets about "organizing," "directing" and "testing." He is safe! We close the book with a sigh, and relax our tense muscles.

Although the characterization of this classic may be criticized as being a little colorless and underdrawn, none can question the ableness with which the author has drawn the background for the epic. There is an atmosphere of stern reality very fitting to such a tale of human struggle for success. There is a note of warning to those who are weak, a clarion call to those who are ambitious. The plot is perhaps a little obscure, but intensive study will show the delicate pattern woven throughout the pages.

In conclusion, let me state that there is a great depth of tone and a rich musical phrasing in all Mr. Thomas' work. There is nothing superficial about this great book, "Principles and Technique of Teaching"—no regrettable casualness of treatment, such as is found in the ordinary modern book. As we read we felt a great admiration for the author's very evidence perseverance. He must be a man of great energy and unlimited determination to write such a ponderous (we will not say verbose) work.

I recommend this book with great pleasure to all members of the 1936 Class.

TUT, TUT, BOBBY

"Robert," said the student teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby.

* * *

Tommy's first school report, which was very promising, read: "Trying."

The second term's report raised his parent's hopes by stating: "Still trying."

The next report, however, dashed all hopes to the ground. It read: "Still very trying."

* * *

At the conclusion of the Scripture lesson the teacher asked: "Now, all those boys who want to go to heaven, put up their hands."

The expected response came from all but one.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, in surprise, "don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Please, teacher, I can't," said Tommy. "Mummy said I was to be home early, so's we could go to the pictures."



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A certain Normal Student, notorious for his absent-mindedness, returned from Normal one day triumphantly waving an umbrella.

"Well, Mother," he said, "you will kindly observe that I have not left it behind today."

"No," said his mother, "the trouble is you didn't take one with you. You'll find your's in the hall."

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THINGS TO DO ON THE EVE OF EXAMS

Gaze out wistfully on the spring twilight. Is that supposed to be wistful? Don't you think it looks a bit idiotic? Do you ever admit to looking idiotic? Does anybody? Name ten people that look idiotic . . . name ten idiots that look like people . . . What about tomorrow? Is there any hope? Do you suppose condemned criminals feel like this on the eve of execution? Is execution really as bad as it's cracked up to be? Do you think there's any chance you might die before morning? Do you really? How much chance? How about committing a murder or something? Or something? What "something"? No-perhaps not. What do you think you are? You've got an exam tomorrow, haven't you? Well, sit down. Pick up your notes. What language are they supposed to be written in? Greek? Why don't you stick to English. Can you read that gibberish you have there- Well? Thow that junk into the waste basket. Take down a book. Where did you get it? It that honest? Why didn't you return it? Oh! well, why didn't you read it? It's too late now, isn't it? Five hundred pages . . . How about suicide? What do you suppose is the most satisfactory way of committing suicide? Name ten possible ways of committing suicide. Have you ever tried any of them? Did you ever know anybody who committed suicide? Do you know anybody who you wish would commit suicide? . . . Name ten people—including the members of the examination department—you wish would commit suicide. Go back and look at the spring twilight again. Is there any of it left? Do you hear the clock ticking? Do you realize that every tick brings you nearer that—that THING? Well? . . . Well? What of it? You won't be there, will you? You'll be stiff and stark . . . won't you? How do you suppose it'll feel to be stiff and stark? Well, what method are you going to use? Poison? What? Poison? With the marks you used to get in chemistry? Laugh feebly . . . Heh! heh! . . . The laugh of a condemned criminal. Well, it serves you right. Where have you been all year? You were around, weren't you? Why didn't you do something? Did you think they were going to set an exam in talkies? Who cares? How many suicides do you suppose there will be before morning? Do you think a revolver would be artistic? No-melodramatic, maybe, but not artistic. Messy. Anyway, you haven't got a revolver. How about lying on the street car track? How about the lake? Or the harbour? How about telling the plain, unvarnished truth to Mr. Denton and dying a hero's death? How about . . . Well? . . Let's go to a show!

---M.S.

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Upon the heights; above the white; Below the blue there stands In shining solitude a Cross— A Symbol of an Act of Man and God.

Around this cross which now, Amid the flaky white of winter's coat, Stands barren; gather, once a cycle, The multitude to pay its homage To Him, Who for us mortals gave, His earthly life, in sacrifice Upon the Cross.

Upon the Southern slopes
Amid the fir green and white
There stands another Symbol
Upon the barren top. A Symbol
Of Living Youth, a Monument
To youth departed. And at this fountain
Youth tarries for a time and then,
Departs to spread and share
With the other men, the boons received
In that brief moment while he tarried near
The Fountain.

—JACK CHATFIELD.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

DR. ANDERSON

Her endurance we vow is beyond measure, Her actions and speech show no leisure, In the icy cold brine She'll call out "'tis fine!" And returning, state "swimming's a pleasure!"

MISS ISBISTER

While up north we strive not to freeze, We must handle eight grades with ease, Miss Isbister comments, In our leisure moments
We can make macaroni and cheese.

MISS HINTON

Miss Hinton's a lady of poise, She doesn't make very much noise. She teaches folk dancing Away we go prancing, And she sure gets the heart of the boys.

MISS POTTINGER

About this one there's not much to tell, Meek and mild but helpful as well, She's here every day, And we'd like to say We all think Miss Pottinger swell.

MISS JAMES

A model of teaching she be, She displays it so we may see. Just take it from her That teaching's no slur, Miss James is the model for me.

MISS SCANLAN

Our model school principal's jake, She teaches Grades 5 to 8, In history and numbers, If we equal her wonder, Jolly fine teachers we'll make.

MR. DENTON

Are you fellows familiar with Thomas? Mr. Denton will give you a promise, Just learn the old book. You won't be mistook, A good teacher you'll depart from us.

MR. FREEMAN

With field glasses up to his eyes, By the seashore, he'll stand and look wise, He'll even play dead With vultures o'er his head, Just to see how the darned thing flies.



MR. CAMPBELL

Now there is a teacher called Campbell, Who on grammar and numbers doth ramble. But whether problem or noun We've not yet seen him frown, For anger's unknown to Sir Campbell.

MR. GOUGH

An artistic debating young fellow, He knows all the colors but yellow, A gifted young chap, No doubt about that, And his humor is charmingly mellow.

MR. WICKETT

Mr. Wickett we think is a dear, And singing we admit is good cheer, But none of us see What a "fourth above D" Has to do with our teaching career.

SERGEANT MAJOR WALLACE

When we first came here we were lizards, But the major we know is a wizard, You'll jump when he speaks, You'll feel it for weeks. You'll feel like you've gone through a blizzard.

TO A SQUIRREL

Tiny fuzzy busybody, flitting up and down The tall and spreading oak tree, a little splash of brown, Chatt'ring, ever chatt'ring at the acorns falling down To the frozen ground below.

The busy little bit of fur dashes here and there, In the lofty pine trees, whose branches cannot bear
To see him drop their pine cones without a thought or care
To the frozen ground below.

At last his work is finished and the squirrel is glad to know That, though God's careful watching, he does not have to go
In search of food in winter—when the wint'ry wind doth blow—
On the frozen ground below.

—LOUISE SWANSON.



A LETTER

Dear Ed.—

Something must be done, dear Ed. I am very perplexed and annoyed, not to mention angered. As you have no doubt heard from some killjoy, there is a library in our school (for what reason I don't know). In that same library you will find, if you care to take time off from ping-pong, a very quaint desk standing abruptly at the portals. At it sits our dear Miss P., or some other poor individual who has been inveigled to take the job.

Now, Eddie, I have no bone to pick with Miss P, or, for that matter, with anyone else; what I am agitated about is, that this desk is in too conspicuous a place. It gazes out upon the corridor and the reading room and, farther to the southward, the beautiful Olympics (U.S.). I should not be perplexed and annoyed not to mention angered if the librarian would confine his or her attentions to the corridor, reading room and farther to the southward the beautiful Olympics. But no, Ed., the person on duty carefully scrutinizes every poor individual who passes that door. I speak to you as man to man, Eddie. Do you walk past that door with quaking footsteps Ed., pass it silently, only! to have a gentle but firm voice call out—"Mr. Gilhooley" (that if your name happens to be Gilhooley, Ed.). Have you faltered in your stride Ed? Has your tongue moistened your dry lips Ed? Have you been tempted to flee into the sanctity of the auditorium Ed? Of course you have Ed., but what do you invariably do? Don't tell me Ed, I'll tell you. You turn your faltering footsteps about you, enter in that room, pay your nickel and exit out a wiser but a poorer man (if you are a man Ed.). The voice of Authority has spoken.

Now I have a suggestion Eddie which will alleviate all that suffering. If that desk could be moved into the northwest corner facing the wall, or better still, facing the floor, one could walk past that door with jaunty step, feeling that the world was a great place even though one were a nickel in the red. What does your reader think of my suggestion Ed?

—I. O. A. BOOKE.

Dear Ioa-

Alas, poor chap, we do feel sorry for you. Perhaps you should consult your doctor or better still, a psychiatrist.

—Ed.

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